

"Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus;
Anywhere, everywhere, I will follow."

Exclamation! I did not believe it. But some unheard voice was saying to that man's heart, "Whether the world, or life, or death, or living present, or things to come—all are yours; and you are Christ's, and Christ is God!"

After an earnest prayer by the Home "Father," he spoke again.

"My lads, I come to you to-day with a call from God for two weeks—a call not of the mind, but of the will—most with peculiar difficulties and trials. It needs men of stout hearts and strong determination to take the message of mercy for the first time to the headlines, to souls that are in utter darkness. The General wants two weeks for each school, where we can now only leave all the habits of civilization, and get down on a level with the natives of a heathen country. I know the hardships of it; some of my lads have gone out there, and have written home. May God give you strength to do your duty. The labourer is worthy of his hire, but the salary to Salvationist laborers in the Indian field means only handfuls of rice doled out by the native villagers."

A low but clear "Amen" broke from the lips as the speaker finished, and even before the word "some hands were lifted." Others rose more slowly, with difficulty, and most dearest him self in dress and habits, and became bogged down in their seats. "The labourer is worthy of his hire," but the salary to Salvationist laborers in the Indian field means only handfuls of rice doled out by the native villagers."

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"There are two lots," said he, after pausing a moment, "one volume, and I have felt for some time now that I must fit for this position. Both have held up their hands to-day, and I ask them now to stand before you."

The names were spoken, and the two men, stepping out from the ranks, stood apart, alone, as they must henceforth walk, except for God and each other. They knew their still sport, while we prayed, and then went out. The crowd of lads who sat there, silent now, to their natural work. What did it matter to them, after all? Nothing. All India and England, to men who could sing from their hearts,

"With Thee, my God is Home;

"With Thee is endless joy;

"With Thee, can death destroy?

"With Thee, the soul is one;

"The battle's front I love the best;

And yet—They will be done!"

Sussex, N.B.

Praise the Lord for the glorious victory He has given us. This week has been one long to be remembered by us all. Praise the Lord! Although the devil comes to us in sheep's clothing, praise the Lord, his wool was too coarse and his ears too long, and he was easily detected. He tried to come after the converts, but got badly left in the flesh for Jesus' sake. The Devil's love for us is great, and we are to stand firm. Thank God for the loving arms around them. Thank God for the loving soul, a minister, has got the light and is going in for Holiness, Hallelujah! God grant that many more may follow. We close the week

With 44 Souls

for our hire. To King Jesus be all the glory.

Capt. Degro, Cadet Elliot.

Petrolia.

VICTORY! VICTORY! VICTORY! The past has been one of the best weeks we ever know. Soldiers on fire, marshals grand, power of God felt in our midst. A brother, our own brother, who was very immature, had been a penitentiary for 5 years; he was set free and came to the Army meetings, and got gloriously saved. Friday night was one long to be remembered in Petrolia, 14 for cleansing, six for pardon; total for week.

Fourteen precious souls.

Glory to Jesus.

Capt. Hurst, Lieut. Torrance, Cadet Call.

MIDDLEPORT—(Oconee County, Ohio.)

We opened fire in this place a week ago, and we find the people's lips are very hard-hearted, but we so glad that there is nothing impossible to God, for although these hard-hearted, the Lord is showing them their sin, and helping them to see them miserable. Oh we do pray that God will make them so miserable that they will not have any rest or peace until they find it at the bleeding feet of Jesus.

We can praise God for

One precious soul

that was born to Calvary, and got through the blood of Jesus. Hallelujah!

Lieut. Blackwell, Cadet McCall.

VICTORY! ANOTHER STRONGHOLD CAPTURED.

Splendid Crowds.

WONDERFUL CONVICTION.

GRAND TESTIMONIES.

The town of

MITCHELL.

was roused up to an excited pitch last Saturday when our scouts went through the streets distributing handbills bearing the title of this meeting.

Old Original

Salvation Army would open fire on sin, and the devil on the following day.

So on Sunday afternoon a detachment of the Seaford Corps, Capt. Conner, Cadet Goss and myself marched into the town singing some of our war songs.

In a few minutes we were surrounded by an audience of 1000, who listened with great attention as we told of the pardoning love of Jesus. Hall was jammed full, and everybody seemed to enter into the spirit of the meeting.

Many were deeply convicted, and at night some sat talking in their nests. So we began laboring for good work in this town. God grant it.

Sunday morning I was present at the funeral of one of our Little Soldiers at SEAFORTH.

The Soldiers turned out well, about 80 strong, marched to the cemetery, and we buried our comrade. We then touched the sod. The Captain reports good meetings through the day and four souls.

GODERICH

is still going ahead. I ran up here for the Monday night meeting. We had a good time both in the open air and in the hall. In God's service.

God's service and their salvation, and you will do wonders for God.

LISTOWELL

was the next stop. Arrived here just in time to welcome Capt. Moore, who has just taken charge here. The people thought the Salvation Army had left town, so by way of alteration the writer to the paper, and we marched and stood along the corners of the main street and began to play and sing. The people came flocking round in surprise to see what was the matter, and thus giving a splendid opportunity for the gospel shot which God enabled us to fire at the time the Soldiers had marched out with their drums. Then off we go for some marching and countermarching, which took the people by surprise, back to the barracks, which we found nearly empty, but after a while they began to come in, and the people were greatly interested in the meeting with deep conviction. One man with tears in his eyes said he wanted to be saved. After the meeting I made tracks for

PALMERSTON,

where I arrived about midnight; a few hours sleep, then up with the lark in the morning, stretch up our valves and off to the depot, just in time for the train, and we are rattling along in company with Capt. Hind.

BRUSSELS

We had a beautiful march through the town. Everybody fire up, Soldiers shouting, Officers jumping, and the devil grumbling, but we won through singing as we go. We had a great success, and for enjoyment ourselves as only Salvation Soldiers can. The testimony came thick and fast. Here is one who was a drunkard when God has saved him. There is another who used to be a member for Christ, but God had lost hold of his heart, and he had given up. Another one had been in the habit of coming to the meetings so as to get spoken to about his soul, then turn round and laugh in the faces of those who had been so kind to him. God had stopped him, and he got himself saved, and now he means to laugh at the devil, because God has saved him from hell. Hallelujah!

Cadet Warr.

Tuesday night we had a real Blood and Fire meeting. Thank God souls are seeing their lost condition, and coming to Christ. The soldiers are soon Hallelujah! Tuesday night our dear lady came 7 miles to get salvation. Friday night three came to Christ, the true and living God. Hallelujah!

Capt. Beall.

Push the "War Cry."

SALVATION FOR YOU AND ME.

(Original for the War Cry.)

BY T. LEACH ST. JOHN.

Tune—"I am living beneath the shade of the Cross."

I'm living in Jesus—my Captain and King. And with His disciples I'll joyfully sing This glorious Salvation so full and so free.

Salvation for you and me.

Chorus.

I'm living in Jesus—my Captain and King.

I'm living right under the shade of His wing.

I'm living in Jesus He sets me free,

Salvation for you and me.

Chorus.

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Chorus.

Look Alive!

Look Alive!

Such we hear every day. Masters short to the errant boy, "Look alive, boy, with that parrot, and the boy hurries off.

The telephone inspector shouts out to the telegraph messenger, "Look alive, off with that message, quick."

The railway guard shouts to a man who comes, out of breath, pulling and blowing to the platform, "Look alive, there we can't stop! Jump in!" Bang goes the door, and the train is off.

Salvation Soldiers, Look alive!

You have a parcel God has given you, and He wants you to take it out to one particular person—oh, not to everybody who has not got it.

You accepted it when offered you—A robe of Righteousness and the Bread of Life that feeds your soul and satisfies your appetite—and God asks you to take it to the poor, the widow, the woman who has lost her husband, the man who wears and lies, in fact, everybody who is going to hell.

Look Alive, Soldiers, and be doing.

Look Alive, Soldiers, and run with the telegraph message from Heaven into every street, every lane, every court, every square, and about "Jesus died for you. You may be lost to the world. No one cares for you. But man, woman,

Look Alive, Jesus loves you!

The devil will come and say, "Oh, you can't do that, you are not good enough, you are not strong enough to go through the fifth and dirt of those low places."

Remember, Soldiers, he is a liar. Ask God to help you do it, and where there's a will there's a way.

God always has a willing heart to His service. We are to be His soldiers, and the Spirit of the Gospel, with the sword of the Spirit in hand, went forth by drums, fife and fiddle, determined to defeat the enemy.

Again, Look Alive. Be a Hallelujah Salvation Soldier, always on duty with the Gospel Train. Show no duty, but Look Alive, and God will bless you. Not only in your soul, but Look Alive, in the workshop, in the factory, in the market, and never forget in the open air, whether it rains, hails, snows, or blows, Look Alive, and be on duty.

Again, Look Alive! Any more for Glory?

You may ask, Where am I to begin? Why, at home, to be sure! When your uncovered friends call to see you, Look Alive and ask them, "Jack Blunt, are you saved?" Tell them you are a Hallelujah Guard, and you would like their company in the service of God.

We had an audience for a Hallelujah Christianity Service on Monday night, and the barracks was packed with anxious souls. As the meeting went along, great interest; and as the little one was given by its parents to us, we were very affected. We were greatly interested in the parents, child and Salvation Army, many were desirous to have their little ones given to the Lord. We would up the meeting with eight determined to quit sin and follow our Saviour.

Capt. Robt. Bell and wife, Cadet Hodges.

God reads too, and if you want to obey God you must have a Divine power to do so.

If a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well. Everyone who loves God knows His work is worth doing, so we should gain, Look Alive! carry the parcel! Carry the message! Shout! and Lock Alive! The train is ready!

S. J. N.

Yorkville.

Hallelujah! We are still alive and the devil knows it. God has a band of Soldiers in this part of His vineyard that will dare to do anything that will bring honor and glory to His Name.

On Saturday evening at 8 o'clock, Capt. John's wife and Capt. Conner, and the telephone messenger, all the streets were filled with the sound of the bugle, the drums, the fife and fiddle, the voices of the boys shouting, "Look Alive, Look Alive!"

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—OUR—

DEVOTIONS

Christian friends sometimes say we are irreverent, Christians fond of saying we are always happy, and other foes pronounce our service a mockery of religion, while we continue all the while in the opinion that we are worshiping God more than 7,000 miles a week in the spirit, and just as he loves to be worshipped. So often do we feel that it is right to consider ourselves above the nation of this party; but it is for us very carefully to watch just the beginnings of any other service.

At the foundation of all acceptable worship lies heart devotion, without which the most superb forms, the grandest structures, which cover our whole life. God has now come at all, or of fine works they did not mean. We shall have more to say some day about irreverence in worship itself. Worship God, however, and you will be safe against all irreverence in His eyes.

R.

UXBRIDGE.

We are taking a good stand here. Thank God, we are in the devil's own country. He is right and never goes in. God is blessing our labours here in the Salvation of souls, and we are learning more of His love. Our highest love is low down at the foot of the cross. We are learning to trust in His humble creatures in Him that died to save us. Oh! how we yearn to see the precious people here in Uxbridge saved. We are determined to do our part, any way, and if they go to hell it will be their own fault. We are learning the true Ghost power, and the powers of darkness will be beaten back. We are by the help of God, going on to win souls for His kingdom. We are getting the one's and two's. But we are not yet strong enough. We have been blessed by seeing three. Glory to God and the Lamb forever. Yours to win the world for the Kingdom.

Capt. Winterburn.

GOODWOOD.

Thank God I this place has been going in the past, but still out of victory. If true to our trust shall win, and here too in the Kingdom of God, another great soul will be taken from the hand tried to drown our voices. One man — rather worse for drink — gave up fifty cents to sing them down, and we gained the victory. One soul was saved and made happy in the Saviour that died to save the world from sin. You will hear from us again.

Capt. Winterburn.

BLYTHE.

Praise God for victory. We opened fire in Blythe on the 24th of May. At 2:30 p.m. we marched down the street with seven in the ranks, singing.

March on, we shall gain the victory, and although the rain was pouring down on us, we marched on in the strength of God. We were met by a large crowd, lay down on our knees and asked God to help us to save the paroling people. We left the Spirit of God right there, and as we stood to sing and sang.

We are going home to Jesus, the people crowded round to hear what we had to say. After one or two spoke of the love of Jesus, we gave them an invitation to our meeting, and then all sang the praises of Jesus and His dying love. We had a grand meeting, mighty conviction all over the barracks. We believe there is going to be a great work done in Blythe.

Capt. Torrence, Cadet Blaw.

LIFECINTC ST.

Pray for the soul! On Tuesday night, the King's Own not well armed with brooms, and down the streets we went singing. Some called us crusaders. But we are so glad that the errand inside, and it can't be turned by the devil or any of his followers. Thank God! we are going to the front. We are in the King's Own, that will not think to do anything for God or soul. Amen. We have the whole Army on, and we mean to keep it bright. Hallelujah!

It is at least midday, that just as good

as noon, and this 24th finds me

sober, and in my right mind and happy. Hallelujah!

Another brother said, last Friday you would have found me dead, though dirty and half dead.

But this is not so, and I am on my

way to Heaven. Reader, Jesus died for you. God bless you! Accept salvation as a gift, and be ready and waiting when Jesus comes.

Capt. Bolton.

Port Dover.

Glory to God! we are one week's march home and we feel glad we have reached the old bird by taking

Two precious souls

this week from his grasp. On Saturday evening he thought he would scare us by throwing firecrackers into the ring while we were on our knees praying. It is a great trial to him, but he always carries his service well, when he pays such hard wages. One of his poor deluded followers came to one of our Soldiers the other day, with a bottle of whisky under his arm, and a bag of medicine to get him to think he could not succeed. Hallelujah! More to follow.

Capt. Willis, Cadets Sanders and Thompson.

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On Saturday evening he thought he would scare us by throwing firecrackers into the ring while we were on our knees praying.

It is a great trial to him, but he always carries his service well, when he pays such hard wages.

One of his poor deluded

followers came to one of our Soldiers the other day, with a bottle of whisky under his arm, and a bag of medicine to get him to think he could not succeed. Hallelujah!

More to follow.

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